

*The Chronicle History*

*Alice.* La main madam de han.  
*Kate.* E da bras.  
*Alice.* De arma madam.  
*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.  
*Alice.* Owe Madam.  
*Kate.* E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.  
*Alice.* De neck, e de cin, Madam.  
*Kate.* E de neck, e de cin, e de code.  
*Alice.* De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,  
 Le tude, o de elbo Madam.  
*Kate.* Ecowte le reherfere, towte cella que Iac apoandre,  
 De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.  
*Alice.* De elbo Madam.  
*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute le racontera  
 De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.  
*Alice.* May foy Madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,  
 Asie vous aues ettrue en Englatara.  
*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. le parle milleur  
 Coman se pella vou le peide le robe.  
*Alice.* Le foot, e le con.  
*Kate.* Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! Ie ne veu pointet parle,  
 Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,  
 Pur one million ma foy.  
*Alice.* Madam, de foote, e le con.  
*Kate.* O et ill ausie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,  
 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.  
*Alice.* Cet fort bon Madam.  
*Kate.* A loues a diner.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the  
 Dolphin, and Bourbon.*

*King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.  
*Con.* Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs.  
 (The emptying of our fathers luxury)

*Out-*

*of Henry the first.*

*Outgrow their grafters.*  
*Bur.* Normanes, bastard Normanes, mor du,  
 And if they passe vnfought withall,  
 Iesell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme  
 In that short nooke Ile of England.  
*Con.* Why whence haue they this mettall?  
 Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.  
 On whom, as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?  
 Can barley broth, a drench for swolne Iades,  
 Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?  
 And shall our quicke blood, spirited with wine,  
 Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,  
 Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles  
 Vpon our houses tops, while they (a more frosty Climate)  
 Sweate drops of youthfull blood.  
*King.* Constable dispatch, send *Montjoy* foorth,  
 To know what willing ranfome he will giue:  
*Sonne Dolphin*, you shall stay in *Rhone* with me.  
*Dol.* Not so, I do beseech your Maiesty.  
*King.* Well, I say it shall be so.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* How now Captaine *Flewellen*,  
 Come you from the bridge?  
*Flew.* By Iesus there's excellent seruice committed at  
 the bridge?  
*Gower.* Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?  
*Flew.* The Duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,  
 And I honour, and I worship with my soule,  
 And my heart, and my life,  
 And my lands, and my liuings,  
 And my vttermoost powers.  
 The Duke is looke you,  
 God be praised and pleased for it,  
 No harme in the worrell.

*He*